

Vifcram

My Queen!

jitra

Sire, no longer your Queen;
for
merciful death has claimed
me,

[Falls and dies.]

Shankar

My King, my Master, my
darling
boy, you have done well. You
have
come to your eternal
throne. God
has allowed me to live for
so long
to witness this glory* And
now, my
days are done, and your
servant will
follow you,

*(Enters ILA, dressed in a bridal
dress.)*

Ila

King, I hear the bridal
music.
Where is my Jover ? I am
ready